

June was named by Romulus either from the Pagan goddess Juno, in honour of whom a festival was celebrated in this month, or out of compliment to the *junior* or inferior branches of the Roman senate. The Saxons called it *weyd monat*, because the beasts did then wey'd or go to feed in the meadows.

"There's perfume upon every wind,
Music in every tree,
Dews for the moisture loving flowers,
Sweets for the sucking bee;
The sick come forth for the healing breeze,
The young are gathering flowers,
And life is a tale of poetry,
That is told by golden hours."

The hedges are now ornamented with the blossoms of the wild rose, which blushes through all the gradations of white and red, and in addition to the flowers of May, the meadow-sweet and corn-cockle now blossom in profusion, and the gaudy poppy waves its delicate petals in the corn fields, and

"The flowers in silence seem to breathe
Such thoughts as language could not tell."

BYRON.

Blest month of sunshine and of smiles, before thy coming the earth was strewed with flowers, and the trees were clothed with leaves by thy sweet sister May; she wiped away the tears of her

forerunner April; breathed sweetness over the land, which is now laden with beauty and perfume, and left it to her successor to admire and enjoy.

"God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude."

WORDSWORTH.

Over hill and dale the sunbeam dances, and around us the heads of the grasses tremble with delight, and

"When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amid the store should thankless pride repine?"

GOLDSMITH.

The little blossoms of yellow, pink, blue, and scarlet, open their honey treasures to the myriads of fluttering insects which have just burst from their long retreat into life and enjoyment. And even in the distance you see the sunbeam extends, so wide is the diffusion of the genial influence.

"Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray,
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this—
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
It were a world too exquisite."

LALLA ROOKH.